mon's Mines," &c. Copyright, 1896, by H. Rider Haggard.

> CHAPTER XIII. . THE BARKET OF PRUIT.

Three days later it was announced that, according to the custom of the women of the People of Fire, Noma, having given birth to a still-born child was about to start upon a journey to the Mount of Purification, where she would abide awhile, and make sacrifice to the spirits of his ancestors, that they might cease to be angry with her, and in future protect her from sucla misfortunes. This not unasual domestic incident excited little comment. although it was remarked that the four matrons by whom she was to be accompanied, in accordance with the tribal etiquette, were al' of them the wives of soldiers who had desert ad to Hafela. Indeed, the King himself not iced as much when Hokosa made the form al application to him to sanction the expedition. "So be it," he said; "though myse, f I have lost faith in such rites. Also, Hokosa, I think it likely that, although your wife goes out

with company, she will return plone." "Why. King?" asged Hokora. "For this reason—that those who travel with her have husbands yorder at the town of the Prince Hafeia, and the Mount of Purification is on the road. Having gone so far they may go further. Well, let them go, for I desire to have none among my prople whose hearts turn otherwhere, and it would not be wonderful if they she uld choose to, seek their lords, though, perchance, Hokosa, there are some in this town who may use them as messengers to the Prince" and he looked at him keenly.
"I think not, King," said Hokosa, "None

but a fool would make use of women to carry secret tidings. Their tongues are too long, and their memories too bad or too uncertain."

"Yet I have heard, Hokesa, that you have made use of women in many a strange work. Say, now, what were you doing upon a night a while ago with that fair witchwife of yours yonder in the burying place of kings, where it is not lawful that you should set your foot? Nay, deny it not. You were seen to enter the valler after midnight, and to return thence at the dawn, and it was seen also that as she came homeward your wife walked as one who is drunken, and she, whom it is not easy to frighten, wore a face of fear. Man, I do not trust you, and were I wise I should hunt you hence, or keep you so close that you could scarcely move without my knowledge. Why should I trust you?" Nodwengo went on, vehemently. "Can a wizard cease from his wigardry, or a plotter from his plots? No. not until the waters run upward, and the sun shines at night; not until repentance touches you, and your heart is changed, which I should hold as much a marvel. You were my father's friend, and he made you great; yet you could plan with my brother to poison him, your king. Nay, be silent; I know it, though I have said nothing of it, because one that is dear to me has interceded for you. You were the priest of the false god, and with that god are fallen from your place, yet you have not renounced him. You ait still in your kraal, and pretend to be asleep, but your slumber is that of the serpent, which watches his time to strike. How do I know that you will not poison me, as you would have poisoned my father, or stir up rebellion against me, or bring my brother's impls on my head?"

"If the King thinks any of these things of voice, but with dignity, "his path is plain. Let him put me to death and sleep in peace, for who am I that I should fill the ears of a Kins with my defence against these charges, or dare to wrangle with him."

"Long ago I should have put you to death. Hokosa," answered Nodwengo, sternly, "hard it not been that one has pleaded for you, declaring that in you there is good which shall overcome the evil, and that you, who are now an are to cut down my throne, in time to come shall be a roof tree to support it. Also the law that I obey will not allow me to take the blood of men save upon full proof, and against you as yet I have no proof. Still. Hokosa, he warned in time, and let your heart be turn ed before the grave claims your body and the Wicked One your soul."

'I thank you, King, for your gentle , and your tender care for my well being, both on the earth and after I shall leave 1', bill you, King, that I had rather die as your father would have killed me in the old days, or your brother would kill me now, said either of them hate or fear me, than live, on in safety, owing my life to a new law and a new merc that do not befit the great ones of the earth. King, Ham your servant," and giving him the royal salute, he rose and le't his presence. "At the least, there goes a man," said Nod-

wengo, as he watched him depart. "Of whom do you speak, King?" asked Owen, who set that moment ontered the royal house.

"Of him whom you must have touched in the coorway, Messynger, Hokosa, the wizard," answered the Kirse, and he told him of what had passed between them. "I said," he added, "That he was a man, and so he is; yet I hold that I have done wrong to listen to your pleating and to spare him, for I am certain that he will bring bloodshed upon me, and trou ale on the Faith. Think, now, Mersenger, how full must be that man's herat of secret rage and hatred, he who was so great and is now so little. Will he not certainly str ve to grow great again? Will he not at ive to he avenged upon those who humbled h'm, and the religion they have adopted?"

"It may be," answered Owen, "but if so, he will not conquer. I tell you, King, that like water hidden in a rock, there is good in this. man's heart, and that I shall yet, find a red wherewith to cause it to gush out, and refresh the desert."

"It is more likely that he will find a spear wherewith to cause your blood to gush out and refresh the jackals." answered the King grimly, "but be it as you will. And now, what of your business?"

This, King; John, my servant, has returned from the coast countries, and he brings me a letter saying that before long three white teachers will follow him to take up the work that I have begun. I pray that when they come, for my sake and for the sake of the truth that I have taught you, you will treat them kindly and protect them, remembering that at first they will know little of your lan-

"I will, indeed," said the King, with much "But tell me, Messenger, why do you speak of yourself as of one who soun will be but a memory? Do you purpose to leave

"No. King, but I believe that ere long I shall be recalled. I have given my message, my task is well-nigh ended, and I must be Save for your sakes I do not sorrow thereat, for to speak truth, I grow

very weary," and he smiled sadly. Hokosa went home alarmed and full of bitterness, for he had nover guessed that the 'servant of the Messenger," as he called Nodwengo the King, knew so much about him and his plans. His fall was hard to him, and to be thus measured up, weighed, and contemptuously forgiven was almost more than he could bear. It was the white prophet who had done this thing. He had told Nodwengo of his Hokosa's) share in the plot to murder the late; King Umsuka, though how he came to knot, of that matter was beyond guessing. He had watched him, or caused him to be when he went forth to consult spirits in the place of the dead; he had warned lood

wenge against him. Worst of all, he had lared to treat him with contempt, had pleaded for his life and safety, so that he was spared as men spare a snake from which the charmer has drawn his fangs. When they me! at the gate of the King's house yonder, this white shief, who had stolen his place and pe wer, had

even smiled upon him and greeted him kindly, and doubtless while he smiled, by aid of the magic he possessed, hat / read him through and gone on to tell the sto sy to the King. Well of this there should be an , end. He would kill the Messenger or himself, be killed.

When Hokosa resched his kraal, he found Noma sitting benegth r. fruit tree that grew in Nome sitting bones, hr. fruit tree that grew in it. Idly employed in stringing beads, for the work of the how schold she left to his other wife. Zinti, an old and homely soman, who thought more of the brewing of the beer and the boiling of the torrigge than of religions or politics, or of the will of kings. Of late No-nia had haus at the shadow of this tree, for beneath it lay that child which had been born to her.

her.
Does it f lease the King to grant leave for journe; she asked, looking up.

"Does it y lease the King to grant leave for my journey "she asked, looking up. "Yes, it / Jeases him."

I am thankful," she answered, "for I think the tif I bide here much longer with ghosts a tif I bide here much longer with ghosts a dimenory for company I shell go mad," and she glanced at a spot rear by where the ear and she glanced at a spot rear by where the showed signs of recent disturbance. "He gives leave." Hokosa west on, taking no n tice of her speech, "but he suspects us. Lisy in—"and he told her of the talk that had pay sed between himself and the King.

The white man has read you as he reads in its will books, she answered with a little iaugh. "Well, I said that he would be too clever for you did I not? It does not matter to me, for to-morrow I go upon my journey, and you can settle it is you will."

"Ay," answered Hokosa, grinding his teeth. "It is true that he has read me, but, this I promise you, that all books shall soon se diesed to him. Yet how is it to be done without ampliction or discovery? I know many roisons, but all of them must be administered, and let him work never so cunningly, he who gives a polson can be tra-ed."

"Then cause some other to vive it, and let him bear the blame."

work never so cunningly, he who gives a polson can be traced."

"Then cause some other to give it, and let him bear the blame." suggested Noma.

Hokes made no answer, but walking to the gate of the kraal, which was open, he leaned against it lest in thought. As he stood thus he saw a woman advancing toward him who carried on her head a small basket of fruit, and knew her for one of those whose business it was to wait upon the Messenger in his huts, or gather, in his house, for by now he had built himself a house and near it a little chapel. This woman saw Hrkosa also, and looked at him sideways, as though she would like to stop and speak to him, but feared to do so.

"Good morrow to you," he said, "How goes it with your husbard and your house?"

Now Hokess knew well that this woman's husband had taker a dielike to h r and driven her from his home, filling her place with one younger and more attractive. At the question the woman's lips began to tremble, and her ever swam with tears.

"Ah, great doctor," she said, "why do you ask of my husband? Have you not heard that he has driven me away, and that another takes my place?"

"Do I hear all the gossip of this, town?"

he has driven me away, and that all the passip of this town?"
"Do I hear all the gossip of this town?"
asked Hokosa with a smile. "But come in
and tell me the story. Perchance I may be
able to help you, for I have charms to compel the
fancy of such faithless ones."

The woman looked round, and seeing that
there was no one in sight, she slipped swiftly
through the gate of the kraal, which he closed
behind her.

through the gate of the kraai, which he closed behind her.

"Noma," said Hekoss, "here is one who tells me that her hushand has deserted her, and who comes to seek my counsel. Being her milk to drink."

"There are some wives who would not find that so great an evi," replied Noma mockingly, as she rose to do his bidding.

Hokosa winced at the sarcasm, and turning to his visitor, said:

"Now tell me your tale, but say first, why are you so frightened;"

"I am frightened, master;" she any more

"Now tell me your tale, but say first, why are you so frightened?" and frightened?" she answered, "lest any should have seen me enter bere, for I have no ecome a Christian, and the Christians are forbidden to consult the Witch doctors, as we were wont to do. For my case, it is—"
"No used to set it out," broke p. Hokosa, waving his hand. "I see it written on your face. Your husband has nut you away and loves snother woman, your own half sister, whom you brought up from a chi'd."
"Ah, master, you have heard 'tright."
"Ah, master, you have heard 'tright."
"Ah, master, you have heard 'tright."
"Ah ave not heard, 'look uppn you and I see. Fool, am I not a wizard'. Tell me—" and taking dust into his hasd, he blew the grains this way and that, regard'ing them curis ously. "Yes, it is so. Last might you crept to your husband's hut—do you remember, a dog growled at you as you to seed the gater—and there in front of the hu, he sat with his new wife. She saw you coming, but pretending not to see, she threw ber arms about his neck, kissing and fondling, him before your eyes, till you could bear it, no longer, and rivealed yourself, upbratiling them. Then your rival taunted you and stire thim. Then your rival taunted you and stire thim. Then your rival taunted you and stire thim. Then your rival taunted your shoulder."
"It is true: it is too trac!" she grouped. "Yes, it is true. And, now, why add you wish "It is true: it is too trace?" she groaned.
"Yes, it is true. And now, who at do you wish

bend hate my rival and to dische die to me."

"That must be a strong me dicine," said Hokosa, "which will turn a mary from one who is young and beautiful to one, who is past her youth and ugly."

"I am as I am," answered, the poor woman, with a touch of natural dignity. "but at least I have loved him and work at for him for twelve long years."

long years."

"And that is why he would now be rid of von for who cumbers his kraal with old cattle."

"And yet at times the x are the beat, Master.

Wrinkle and smooth kin seer strange upon one pillow," she adde x, glancing at Noma, who came from the hut carrying a bowl of milk in her hand.

"Master. I have been to him, and he is very good to me, for when I was driven out he gave me work to do and food. But he told me that he had no med'cine for such cases, and that the Great Man ir. the sky alone could soften the breast of mi) husband and cause my sister to cease from her wickschess. Last night I went to see whether he would do it, and you know what befell my there."

"That befell you which befalls all fools who but their trust in words alone. What will you pay me, woman, if I give you the medicine which you seek?"
"Alas, masser, I am poor. I have nothing

you pay me, woman, if I give you the meditine which you seek?"

"Alas, master, I am poor. I have nothing to offer you, for when I would not stay in my husband's kraal, to be a servant to his new wife, he took the cow and the five goats that belonged to me, as, I being childless, according to our ancient I aw he had the right to do."

"You are told who come to ask a doctor to minister to you, hearing no fee is your hand," and Hoke sa, "Yet, because I have pity on you, I wild be content with very little. Give me that I asket of fruit, for my wife has been sick, and loves the taste of it."

"I ca anot do that, master," answered the woman. "for it is sent by rry hand as a present to the Messenger, and he knows this, and will eat of it after he has made praver to-day. Did I not give it to him, it would be discovered that I had left it here with you.

"Then begone without your medicine," said Hokess, "for I need such fruit."

The woman rose and said, looking at him wistfully:
"Master if you will be satisfied with other."

"why do you push me forward with one hand and with the other drag me back? Why do you whisper evil counsel into one car and into the other prophesy of misfortuns to come? Had it not been for you, I should have let this business He; I should have taken my fate and have been content. But day by day you have taunted me with my fall and grieved over the greatness that you have lost, till at length you have driven me to this. Why cannot you be all good or all wicked, or at the lesst through rightcousness and sin, faithiut to my interest and your own?"

righteousness and sin, faithful to my interest and your own?"

"Because I hate you, Holosa, and yet can strike you only through my tongue and your mad love for me. I am fast in your power, but thus, at least, I can make you feel something of my own pain. Hark, I hear the woman at the gate. Will you give her back the basket, or will you not? Whatever you may choose to do, do not say in after days that I arred you to the deed."

"Truly you are great-hearted," he answered,

arged you to the deed."

"Truly you are great-hearted," he answered, with cold contempt: "one for whom I did well to enter into treachery and sin. So be it. Having gone so far upon it. I will not turn back from this journey, come what may of it. Let in that fcol."

Presently the woman stood before them, bearing with her another basket of fruit.

"These are what you seek, master," she said, "though I was forced to win them of their them of the the

theft. Now give me my own and the medi-cine and let me go."

He gave her the first basket, and with it, wrapped in a piece of kid skin, some of the powder with which he had doctored the fruits.

"What shall i do with this?" she asked.

"You shall find means to sprinkle it upon your stater's food, and thereafter your husband shall come to hate even the sight of her."

"But will be come to love me again."

Hokosa shrugged his shoulders.

"I know not." be answered. "That is for

I know not," he answered. "That is for you to see to. Yet this is sure, that if a tree grows up before the house of a man, shutting it off from the sunlight, when that tree is cut down the sun shines upon his house again." "It is "othing to the sun on what he shines," said the woman.

it off from the sunlight, when that tree is cut down the aun shines upon his house again."

"It is nothing to the sun on what he shines," said the woman.

"If the saying does not please you, then forget it. I promise you this and no more, that very soon the man shall cease to turn to your rival."

"The medicine will not harm her?" asked the woman, doubtfully. "She has worked me bitter wrong indeed, yet she is my sister, whom I nursed when she was little, and I do not wish to do her hurt. If only he will welcome me back and treat me kindly, I am willing even that she should dwell on beneath my husband's roof, bearing his children, for will they not be of my own blood?"

"Woman," answersed Hokosa, impatiently, "you weary me with your talk. Did I say that the charm would hurt her? I said that it would cause your husband to hate the sight of her. Now begone, taking or leaving it, and let me rest. If your mind is troubled, throw aside that medicine, and go sooth it with such sights as that you saw last night."

On hearing this the woman sprang up, hid awar the poison in her heir, and taking her basket of fruit, passed from the kraal as secretly as she had entered it.

"Why did you give her death medicine?" asked Noma of Hokosa, as he stood staring after her. "Have you a hate against the husband or the girl who is her rival?"

"None," he answered, "for they have never crossed my path. O, foolish woman, cannot you read my plan?"

"Not altogether, husband,"

"Listen, then. This woman will give to her sister a medicine of which in the end she will die. She may be discovered or she may not, but it is certain that she will be suspected, seeing that the bitterness of the quarrel between them is known. Also, she will give to the Messenger certain fruits, after eating of which he will be taken sick and in due time die, of just such a disease as that which carries off the woman's rival. Now, if any think that he is poisoned, which I trust none will, whom will they suppose to have poisoned him? though, indeed, they can never p

cently. "Never no Now, throw those are in the knasl and burn the basket, while i go and talk to some in the Great Palace, telling them that I have returned from count-

ing my cattle on the mountain, whither I went after I had bowed the knee in the house of the King."

Two hours later Hokosa, having made a wide detour and talked to sundry of his acquaintances about the condition of his cattle, might have been seen walking slowly along the north side of the Great Palace toward his own kraal. His path lay past the chancel and the north side of the Great Palace toward his own kraal. His path lay past the chapel and the little house that Owen had built to dwell in. This house had a bread veranda, and upon it sat the Messenger himself, eating his even-ing meal. Hokosa saw him, and a great de-sire entered his heart to learn whether or no he had partaken of the poisoned fruit. Also it occurred to him that it would be wise if, before the end came, he could contrive to di-vert all possible analytics from himself by effeone pillow," she adde 'a glancing at Noma, who came from the hut carrying a bowl of milk in her hand.

"If you seek cou asel," asid Hokosa, quickly, "why do you not go to the white man, that Messenger in who m you believe, and ask him for a potion to turn your husband's heart?"

"Master, I ha 'n been to him, and he is very good to me, for when I was driven out he gave me work to do and food. But he told me that

being put upon his trial on charges of witchcraft and murder. He would go to him now
at once, playing the part of a grateful pentrent, and the white man's magic must be keen
indeed if it availed to pierce the armor of
his practised craft.

So Hokosa went up and squatted himself
down native fashion among a little group of converts who were waiting to see their teacher upon one business or another. He was not more
than ten paces from the veranda, and sitting
this he saw a sight that interested him strangeiv. Having eaten a little of a dish of roasted
meat, Owen put out his hand and took a
fruit from a basket that the wirard knew
well. At this moment he looked up and recognized Hokosa.

"Do you desire speech with me, Hokosa?" he
saked in his gentle voice. "If so, be pleased to
come hither."

"Nay Messencer." answered Hokosa." I de-

come hither."

"Nay, Messenger," answered Hokosa, "I desire speech with you indeed, but it is ill to stand between a huncry man and his food."

"I care little for my food," answered Owen; "at the least it can wait." and he put down the free!

Then suddenly a feeling to which the wiz-

stand between a hunery man and he food, "at each can not do that, master," answered the "I ca anot do that, master," answered the "I ca anot do that, master," answered the "I ca anot do that, master," answered the "I can not do that, master, "answered the "I can not to the Messenger, and he knoss, the answered the "I can not to the Messenger and he knoss, "for I need such fruit," "Master, if you will be satisfied with other than an was about to partake of what he, Hokosa, "I was the first of the master of the maste

he should keep from Noma anything that he did or did not do; it would be still more impossible that she could conceal from him even such imaginings and things as it is common for women to bold secret. Her very bitternesses, which it had been policy for her to cleak rosoften, would gush from her lips at the sight of him; nor. In the depths of his rage or torment, could he, on the other hand, control the ill timed utterance of his continual and overmastering passion. It came to this, then: He must go forward, and against his better fudgment, because he was atraid to so back, for the whip of a woman's tongue drove him on remorselessly. It was better that the Messenger should die, and the land run red with blood, than that he should be forced to endure this scource.

blood, than that he should be forced to endure this scourge.
So, with a sigh, Hokosa sank back to the ground, and watched while Owen ate three of the poisoned fruit. After a pause he took a fourth, and bit into it, but, not seeming to find it to his taste, he threw it to a child that was waiting by the verauds for any scraps which might be left over from his meal, who caught it and devoured it eagerly.

Then, smiling at the little boy's delight, the Messenger called to Hokosa to come up and speak with him.

To Be Continued.

To Be Continued.

AN OKLAHOMA DINNER. Ple and Other Circumstances that Made

the Meal Memorable, "The best dinner I ever had," said a New ork club man to a Sun reporter, "was in Okshoma, and it cost me about \$8. The dinner teelf cost me but \$2, but I paid \$5 to get to it,

and the tips cost me \$1, as I remember.

"I was in the town of El Reno on the eve of the second opening of the Indian lands in that section. The town was full of campers and speculators. The few people in the who had got their consent to have nomes there felt under no obligations to entertain strangers, and the landlord of the hotel was the most indifferent and unaccommodating wretch I ever saw. I lost my grip the first day I was in his house and when I made the sort of complaint that a man would naturally make under the circumstances. he reckoned I would be able to make a better run without it. I told him I was not there for that purpose. He replied that he did not know why a man in that country wanted any baggage. And this struck me as being so nearly correct that I never alluded to the subject again. In order that I may further impress you with the meanness of the man I will say that on one occasion I went to the wash room of the house for the purpose of indulging in a little exercise which is in obedience to a Testament command, and found the tank empty. There was no porter and no bellboy. I waited on the clerk, who was engaged

landlord who was sitting in his shirt steeves on the perch, as they call it down there. I made known to him my wants, and he told me there was a barrel of water in the cellar, and that I could take the bucket and help myself. He add-ed that I must use the water sparingly, as he had to pay for it, and that it came from a spring about ten miles away. He further said that no about ten miles away. He further said that no bathing was allowed, and that only one course of water was permitted. I asked him if i might have a little extra to use in connection with my tooth brush. This request brought down upon me all of his contempt, and I waived that.

"I have been on the plains where there was not a house between sunrise and sunset, and not a feather in sight. But hunger in such a case can be philosophized with. To suffer hunger, however, in a town of your own country, and among your own people, is one of the pangs i never want to feel again. I had suffered this sort of feeling for four days. There was no fruit in the town. The canned goods of the cheapest make were being sold at fabulous prices to Indiana, who regarded them as luxuries. Besides, I already felt the symptoms of a sickening dyapensia and did not care to increase them.

"In my hungered condition I met an officer of the regular army from the command at Forthere is the strands."

with a half-breed in a game of cards. In reply

to my request for water he referred me to the

the regular army from the command at Fort Reno, six miles distant, and, knowing that the average army officer is a gentleman, i intro-duced myself and begged him to direct me to some place where I could reduce my famishing condition. He invited me to the fort to meas with him, but I told him I could not accept, al-though I was distressed to decline.

"He said if I insisted on spending my money he would tell me where I could get a fairly good meal but it was nine miles away. The could

"He said if I insisted on spending my money he would tell me where I could get a fairly good meal, but it was nine miles away. The qualification he put forth obliterated distance. I asked him to be brief. I was directed to the Indian agency, and learned the name of a man there who served a fairly good meal to the officer in charge of the agency and to the Indian storekeepers. I lost no time in applying for livery—there was such a thing as livery in the benighted town. It was a benighted town then: I do not know what it is now. The liveryman said he had but one rig, and that the team was pretty well tired out; and besides he would not let it go for one passenger. I asked him how many the rig would accommodate. He said that on a pinch it would hold four and the driver, if there was no big man in the party; and he would send us over to the agency for \$20. I told him to hold the rig subject to my order, and returned to town, where I found two commercial drummers and one newspaper correspondent. I held out to my famishing acquaintances the alluring prospect of a fair meal, and to my delight they fell in with the plan to capture it.

"The driver was a cherrul sort of chap, who told us of a stream that we must cross which had a quicksand bottom, and unless a man knowed where he was drivin't hay whole taken.

alluring prospect of a fair meal, and to my delight they fell in with the plan to capture it.

"The driver was a cherful sort of chap, who told us of a stream that we must cross which had a quicksand bottom, and unless a man knowed where he was drivin' the whole team was liable to sink in the sands and disappear forever. He related a number of cases of that kind in corroboration of his statement. But we ursed him on and entertained him with old atories and some very bad singing. I had reserved my worst story until we reached the banks of the uncertain stream, and he was ac deeply interested in my yarn that he forded the creek before he was aware of it.

"He drove us to the little cottage where lived the man who put out fairly good meals. It was sunday. Several highly painted bucks lounged about the stoop. One, I was told afterward, was a graduate of a Pennsylvania Indian school and had been sent back among his people to bring them upto a higher civilization. He was viry/drunk the day I saw him, and his wardrobe consisted of a blanket and a nether garment work, essecially as she was wanting to y to a ghost dance that evening, and it was for take place at some distance. As I was it's hungriest man in the crowd, I was selected as spokesmah, and I was worked up to fie pitch of cloquence. His wife came out, and I appealed to her. She consented when I told hyr that the monetary consideration was a mall part of the situation. We were invited in, and the man and his wife absented themselves to prepare the fairly good meal. In an hour we were invited to the table. The, linen was immaculate. We had soup, two courses of meat, the good meal. However have the fairly and how the high the hours and his wife absented themselves to prepare the fairly good meal. In an hour we were invited in and they had a hour we were invited in and the man and his wife absented themselves to prepare the fairly good meal. In an hour we have the fairly good meal in an hour we had him to have the high the high the high the high the high the high

it Byron wrote?

In the desert a fountain is springing.
In the wild waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing

"Iforget the other line. But that's Mary of
the Indian agency in Oklahoma."

THE LIVELY CHILDREN.

Showing Some of the Difficulties Attending

"When you come in to-night," said the literary man to his two sprighty children, who were accustomed, when they came in from their evening walk, to walk straight into the library where he was at work, and sit down and talk awhile, "I wish you would just say how d'ye do and then go out. I have a lot of work to do to-night and I don't want to be disturbed." An hour later the literary man heard a latch

key placed carefully in the front door, as though the person placing it there didn't wish to be heard. Then he heard smothered laughter in the hall; it was from the children; they were up to something, sure. A moment later they came marching through the hall, one behind the other, with military step, back toward the library. They turned in, marched like a file of soldiers alongside the library table on the side opposite the literary man, halted, fronted, raised their hands in salute, and said in unison:
"How d'ye do?"

Then they faced to the left and marched out again, one behind the other, keeping step as before, and keeping as some as they could, until they came to the parior; there they exploded, though the person placing it there didn't wish

TOWNSEND'S HUMOR.

CRIMMIN FADDEN.

"'Chames,' says de Duchess t'me de odder day. 'Chames, now dat de wedder is too cooi for little Miss Fannie t' wear bare legs above her shoes any longer I tink I'll have t' go into town and get me a new bonnet, cause Miss Fannie's last fall bonnets don't suit me style,' she SAYS.

'Say, I was dead on dat de Duchess wasn't soing into de city t' put up good long green boodle for no bonnet, cause she is too nigh wid her money t' make a bad break like dat.

"Let me tell you. De Duchess is de most savingest goll you ever seed in all your life, and she'd radder have a cable car run over her toes dan cough up a plunk fer anyting she can get any odder way.

"She must have money sunk away t' burn a wet day wid; her wages, my wages, and near all de tips I collars on de side. All de money I has t' spend is what I holds back from her, what I gets on de quiet sneak and sinks where she ain't onto it. Dat's what I tinks, see? Dat's what I tinks, but mostly dreams when I tink flat wav; cause when I has made a bit what I tink she don't know of, why, den in a little while she gives me some game like I was telling you of; says sho has t' go t' town for a bonnet, or some dinkey ting, and makes me blow in me socret boodle on

"Sure, she's a wonder, dat goil is. She knows when I has made a sneak of a bit just as well as if she'd seen me get it. Dat's right.

But I tries t' bluff her. 'What t'ell,' I says t her. 'You ain't going t' buy no bonnet. You'd drop dead in a fit before you'd flash up de long green for a dicer. What's your game?' Den de Duchess she humped her shoulders like forn women does, and she savs 'Chamos,

says she, 'Chames, I has de unwee; de undispo sition from de bore, and I needs a little jolly time t' put me on rapoh wid meself.' "Dose was de very words she used. But I am easy on t' most of her forn langwudge now, ac I know'd she meant dat she was leary of de

game as it lay, and wanted a new deck. "'All right, Duchess,' I says; 'I has t' go into town meself for t'get a new collar for de buil pup.' Which his neck is growing dat big his head looks like a button on de end of a sausage 'I'm wid you. But who'll put up for de trip I'm worse broke dan a cop what's lost his place

on de force.' "De Duchess she says, without looking at me says she, 'Chames, we'll chase into town, and you dream dat you has money, and your dream

will come true." "Say, honest, dere ain't no use stacking up against a goil like dat. Is dere? I took an east tumble t' meself, cause on de dead straight I die have a fiver sunk what I taut de Duchess didn't know notting about, and we gete excused for de day and chases into town.

"Say, little old New York is de best ever. Ain't dat right? De country would be all right if it was only in de city. I likes it down to our place on de Sound cause Mias Fannie is dere and little Miss Fannie and Mr. Paul and de odder folks; but de day is twenty-four hours long, sure, when you ain't in little old New

"Well, we sailed down Fift avenoo feeling like we had skates on, till we come t' de Wa'. dorf, and dere de cops wouldn't let us po as. What do you tink de cop says t' me? t' wait,' he says, 'till Li Hung Chang' omes outer de hotel and goes away,' he says. Jio you tumble? I didn't. De Duchess says, dat Li Hung is a China chink. I tells de cop dat I has see a man down town what would have a fit if I wasn't dere, but de game didn't work.

"My saying de word 'fit' must lave give de Duchess a tip, for she give me f.e wink t' say notting, and she trun a dump sy right in de con's arms. Honest, if she'd been a actress out on top of de stage she couldn't trun a better fit dan she did. De cop catches her, and I says, 'Take ber t' de drug y tore quick,' I says, or she'll trun anodder.' Well, he picks d Duchess up in his arms and carries her across de street, where we wanted t' go, me forlying. and dere de Duchess comes t' herseif, and, making de cop a grand bow, she says, me good man, I'll not truble you t'carry me furder,' and den she puts her hat on straight, and says, 'Come, Chames, we car't wait for Monsieur Li.'

"De cop he looked like tirty cents as we chases ourselves down de avenoo. Say, is dat

goll de best ever? I wonder! "Well, we walked and walked down de avenoo till we got down by Sixteent street, and I was noticing dat de Duchess was kinder walking slower and slower, and piping off de car-I was wondering what her game was when a coupé drove up by desidewalk and I heard some one inside say 'Hortense,' what's de real front name of de Duchess. De coupé stoppe l and de

Duckess went up t' de door.
"'ay, I'd taut dere was someting up what wasn't dead straight, only I seen dat de woman inside de coupé was dat widdy I was telling you bout; the high fiver what Mr. Paul calls willy widdy.'

She and de Duchess jabbere's togedder in French for a while, and den I was called up. I touched me hat t' de widdy, and she says, quick, Don't touch your hat like a servant. How t me like you was my equal.

"I didn't tumble t' dat, 'her equal,' cause, of course, de only ting you is equal to is anoder man what you can fight as well as him, but I takes off me dicer wid a sweep what made her "Den she looks me all over, from me shoes t

me dicer, and says: 'You'll do: Mr. Burton has very good taste in dress and don't wear his close long before you has 'em. You'll do.' Den she pipes off de Duchess, and says: 'You'll de of course, Hortense, cause Fannie Burton's close fit you like dey was made for you.' "Say, what do you tink? I was getting par-

alyzed. Den she says, 'Chames, do you know where l'Hotel de Blanc is?" "I didn't, but de Duchess did, cause it's French hotel wid a restaurant what forn folks and Americans looking for good grub goes to.

" Meet me dere in fifteen minutes,' says de widdy; 'and remember, Chames, you is to act like me equal.' 'Am I t' put on de gloves wid her?' I asks de Duchess, 'or what t'ell?' "'You're t' be a real gent,' says de Duchess,

and I seen from de look in her eye dat we was going into de very game de Duchess had come t'town for.
"'What do I get out of it?' I says, and de Duchess says, 'You gets champagne and wood-

cock,' says she, 'and ain't dat enough ?'

"'But what's de game?' says 1. De Duchess only laughed and says, 'Nam port,' she says, what means ' what t'ell ' in Freuch. "Say, you never seed such a game in all your life. We chased down t' dat restaurant, and dere was de widdy walting for us, and we went

in togedder, de Duchess giving me a nudge t' do de grand. Well, did I do it? De widdy, de minute we gets seated, began t' give me de greatest jolly I ever had. She told me to order lunch, and den didn't do a ting but get gay wid me, giving me de glad eye and de winner amile till I couldn't do a ting but just wonder what t'ell. Well, I ordered lunch what struck de waiter dumb. just run me finger down de bill of fare, and

de champagne was more dan forty-two degrees. what is de way Mr. Paul takes his. "We was just getting busy wid de lunch when cons a swell come into de restaurant, and near have a fit when he seen de widdy. He started t' come to our table, but de widdy only gives him a disky little nod, and den she gives me de gladdest grin you over seed, and puts her hand on me arm, and jabbers away at me about coaching trips and yachting, and I don't know

pointed out everyting what cost de most, from

end to end, and told him I'd push in his face if

what t'e'li. "De swell mug he sits away off in de corner and gives me de stony eye and looks like he was a tree-time winner.

"I was no nearer being on dan de man what fell off de roof; but I seed dat de game, whatever it was, was going smooder dan slik, from de look in de Duchess's eye. "So de more gay de widdy got wid me de

more gay I got wid her, till I taut I could win ther if de Duchess wasn't dere, and all de time

"When we only de widdy passed me her pure under de talsle and tells me t' settle and take s tip for meself, and den we all tree chases out, "For de life of me I couldn't get de Duchess t' tell me a word till de next day. Den she got a letter from die widdy, and in it was a check for-

what do you tink? Firty plunks! Honest, "'Chames,' says de Duchess, 'you done elegant. De naug proposed t' de widdy last night. He was a coy roug, Chames, and needed a little sauce of joalousy. If you'll never tell Miss Fannie you can keep de tip de widdy gave you Distifty she promised me." Now, honest, what t'ell!"

MAJOR AND MRS. MAX.

"We have been in Brooklyn-" tegas Major Max, but Mrs. Max interrupted.

"Whenever Bob Billings comes to town leave you two go to Brooklyn to craft on your old Colonel; though why a Colonel should live in Brooklyn, I'm sure!"

"Do you know, my dear, I'm not so sure as you are."

"Exactly; a Colonel, but live in Brooklyn!" "You do not state the case in a manner to de most credit to the Colonel. To be a Colonel and live in Brooklyn seems more adequately suggestive. To be a Colonel, retired, supposes man experienced in all the hormers of we of proved bravery. And, in addition, to live in Brooklyn seems to attest a degree of indiffer ence to danger which, while commendable in action, in the presence of the epany, might with reason and propriety be for nd lacking in an officer retired by age limit."

"Then what in ever do yor, go over there to call on him for?"
"To call on him and he instructed. Now in Brooklyn," the Major /continued, in part addressing his glass and, in part the setter dog which was regarding him with some anxiety. in Brooklyn are found the most profoun logicians. One I addressed over there to-day, asking which cor took me to Bushwick. rally,' replied 'se, 'any 'car uninscribed " Bushwick." Eitber the Flatbush and Jamaica line

or the Benvonhurst and Flushing." "'And can I return by either line?' I asked. "'No,' answered the citizen, 'you do not re turn. No one w ho goes to any suburb of Brooklyn ever returns. The well-known facts prov the statement. Are not Bushwick, Flatbush, Jamaica, Fl ashing, what you will, all populous Would the y be so if those who went there returned? I know whereof I speak, because

have be en to all those places." "Th' nking I had the interesting citizen cor nered . I made reply, 'But by yourself returning you disprove your assertion." 'On the contrary, otherwise: My case proves

B', y assertion. I never returned. I am now in hose places ! "I was so impressed and elated by this display of superior logic I nearly—" Major," broke in Mrs. Max, "if the fashion of not wearing corsets is taken up by every one low do you suppose Mrs. Jack Deering will seek."

now do you suppose Mrs. Jack Deering will isook?"

The Major gasped, speechless, until the setter became painfully nervous before he replied:

"My dear Mrs. Max, your mental processes Jonfound and your verbal pictures confuse, nay, embarras. What is Mrs. Jack's creat to Flatbush or Bensonhurat to Mrs. Jack's no corset? And why am I, blushing, dragged in to contemplate and consider?"

"I was only thinking," answered the lady, "that if she gave up her corset Mrs. Jack would stop fighting with Polly Slanguer. Polly has a beautiful natural figure, and—"Cease! cease!" cried the Major, but in a tone which seemed somehow not to mean cease, and Mrs. Max. tranquil and unabashed, continued:

"Indeed, I think Mrs. Jack is preparing to give up Bob Blilings to Polly, and I'm sure he'll be very nice as Polly's husband, for she has income enough to buy him out of the army, although she does smoke cigarcites and drink whiskey and carbonic and—"
"Not a word more!" shouted the Major, in

paired. Now, just fancy how you would have suffered if you had married Mrs. Jack and not had her to flirt with all these years, and how miserable Jack would have been if, instead of thinking he were half in love with me still—which does him much good—I were his wife!"

"My dear Mrs. Max. this is simply awful; it is revolutionary, anarchistic; it is—"

"Mrs. Jack said to me the other day that we ought to marry Bob to Polly, which makes me think that she—Mrs. Jack—is going to give up corsets, and knows that if she does Polly would walk off with Bob, whether Mrs. Jack liked it or not. I told Mrs. Jack that, but she said she'd only been disciplining Bob a little, and that he was now sufficiently chastened to make a good husband, and that Polly understood it all. That sounds kind of funny, too when you come to think of it; except that one does not think of what Mrs. Jack says. But, Major, how could that man be in Flatbush—or was it Jamaica—when he was in Brooklyn?"

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

What Happened to Him One Night Down in a Deep Cellar. "I'm fond of lobsters," said the retired burglar, "but I like 'em best cooked, And, speaking of 'em cooked, the best way to eat obsters is stewed. You take good lively, fresh obsters and boll 'em, and then you pick 'em

out and cut 'em up, not too fine, and warm 'em over; putting in a little water to make a sort of a gravy, and a little bit of butter, and a little pepper, and some sait, unless you put in sait ough when you boiled 'em, and maybe just a little touch of vinegar, though some folks don't like any vinegar in 'em at all. Then you serve 'em hot. I like to spread a slice of bread and put that on my plate and ladie the lobster out on that. You may think there's better ways of sating lubsters; but when I have stewed lobsters for breakfast I forget I'm poor. But what !

set out to tell you about was a live lobster. "I dropped down one night, through a window that I had opened, into a deep cellar

"I dropped down one night, through a window that I had opened, into a deep cellar. The window was narrow, and high up. I guess it must have been six or seven feet from the cellar bottom to the lower edge of it. Of course, a man can't waik up a stone wall like that very well, and so before going upstairs I fixed a very well, and so before going upstairs I fixed a very well, and so before going upstairs I fixed a very well, and so before going upstairs I fixed a very well, and so before going upstairs I fixed a very well, and so before going upstairs I fixed a very well, and so before going upstairs I fixed a very well, and so before going upstairs I fixed a very well, and so before going upstairs I fixed a very well and to go in a hurry, as, of course, might happen, I moved a couple of boxes up under the window, one on top of the other, making a sort of steps. When I reached down to pick up my bag again I didn't strike it at first, and as I was feeling along for it something grabbed my hand, nipped it sharp and hard, and hung on. I was startied, sure, but I realized in an instant that it was a lobster. You know some folks when they ain't coing to cook the lobsters till morning put 'em out on the graas overnight, or maybe down on the cellar bottom where they'il keep cool and in good condition, and I'd run sgainst a lobster put down in the cellar.

"When I stood up, the lobster was still hanging on. I threw out my hand, natural enough, I suppose, with an idea of throwing the lobster off, but instead of that I banged him against the big zinc cylinder around the furnace. It sounded like hittin' a big iron drum with a club. That a article me, too, and when I stepped back to get away from the where they'd took down one board at a time as the coal got lower there, until they'd got down to just one board at the bottom, and I'd stumbled over that and fell buckward on the coal. The lobster was still hanging on. I thought I made noise enough clattering against the board and falling on the foot of it started the whole face

himph. And all this time the lobster was still hadging on -you see, it takes me some little time to tell you about it all, but it took mighty little time for it all to happen.

"As the poker banged down I heard folks coming down the stairs from the accond floor to the floor above the cellar. Of course, there was just one thing for me to do and that was to get out. While the folks was ceming down from the second floor to the first. I was making for the cellar window; and the lobsum never let go till I stepped up on the first bog."

de mug in de corner was getting blacker and A BELF RY FULL OF HONEY.

NEAR'AT 700 POUNDS STORED OFER

Free Will Baptists of Cassville and Chilier's Mill, N. J. Profit 5125 from Vie Work of the Bres During the Last Scason - Job Hawksmith's Mistaka COLLIER'S MILL, N. J., Sept. 19 .- The remarkable discovery was made the other day that the belfry of the Free Will Baptist Church was full of honey. The church stands on th turnpike about half war between Collier's

Mill and Cassville. It is a plain wooden struc-

ture, with an eight-cornered beifry set on the

roof over the front entrance. The sides of the belfry are of latticework.

There has never been a bell in the belfry. The Free Will society is a struggling organization, and beskies, when five years ago the church was bufit the congregation couldn't agree as to the propriety of topping off the structure with & bell. The older members thought that it wasn's Trucessary to supply means of calling people to church. If they didn't take interest enough in their churchly duties to come without calling, they might as well stay home. The younger members approved the idea of having a bell, for the reason that it would show a disposition on the part of the congregation to be up with the times. A lack of money, how-

day, and the beifry s, ands empty. The other day Job Hawksmith, who enjoys the reputation of being the "sharpest eyed bee liner iin Ocean county," was out in the lots fooling around a bunch, of golden rod in the hope of picking up a honey gatherer that would lead him to a rich deposit of honey. He finally captured one and "lined" it. The bee moved off toward Casaville, and Job patiently awaited its return. It came back in about fifteen minutes, and went straight to the box in which Hawksmith had a piece of bread smeared with honey.

ever, enabled the older members to carry the

Job moved a quarter of a mile in the direction the bee had taken, and again released it. It shot off on the same line as before. For more than three hours Job worked with the bee. and it led him into the open country lying between Collier's Mill and Cassville. "Twas the funniest trick I'd ever hed a bee

play on me," said Job when telling of his experience. "There wus a strip o' timber atween the place where I fust caught the bee an' the Cassville road, but the critter took me clean through it an' out inter the open fields. When I got up ter within less 'n a quarter of a mile o' the Free Will Church, I couldn't somehow keep track o' the bee. 'Twould go an' come all right, but when it got its saddle bags full it flew straight fer the church an' got out o' my sight quicker 'n you could say Jack Robinson." When Hawksmith gets scent of a honey 'mine' he never gives up the hunt until he locates it, and he haunted the clump of golden rod an entire week, and each "liner" that he "boxed" took him straight in the direction of the Free Will Church. He finally concluded that he had got hold of one of Squire Applegate's bees. Squire Applegate lives back of the church a short distance, and makes a busi-ness of raising honey. Disgusted with the way in which he had been fooled Job gave up the search, and tried his luck in another part, of the township. On last Friday, the Free Will people held a sort of Harvest Home at the church. In the a ternoon when there were about 200 persons present their at-tention was attracted by a beculiar humming in the air, and somebody shouted: "There's gate's bees. Squire Applegate lives back of

stop fighting with Folly Slanguer. Polly has a beautiful natural figure, and "Cease I cease" cried the Major, but in a tone which seemed somehow not to mean cease, and Mrs. Max. tranquil and unabashed, continued:

"Indeed, I think Mrs. Jack is preparing to give up Bob Billings to Polly, and I'm sure he'll be very nice as Polly's husband, for she has income enough to buy him out of the army, although she does smoke eigarettes and drink whiskey and carbonic and—"

"Not a word more!" shouted the Major, in delight. "Am I to sit still and hear the cold-blooded plans for the allouent of my army chum in dumb impotency? Never! Alas! now little we poor men understand in our pretended superfority of strength that in matters which most affect our lives and happiness we are as ulsy in the hands of the potters—"Nonsense, Major. Any one, even you, must have seen that Bob would have married Polly a year ago if Mrs. Jack had been willing. Polly could have had him, any way, in spite of Mrs. Jack only she is an awfully good-natured girl and did not like to interfere in Mrs. Jack's programme."

The Major was gasping now in reality.

"Are you speaking truths to me, my dear?" he said at last. "Can such things be? Do you mean to tell me in seriousness that it is thus we men are disposed of? Have we no choice in such an interesting matter as the selection of a wife?"

"Very little." answered Mrs. Max quite coolly. "For instance, you know that you were half in love with Mrs. Jack was half in love with me: but we, Mrs. Jack and if love with me: but we, Mrs. Jack and if love with me: but we, Mrs. Jack and if love with me: but we, Mrs. Jack and in the word was a girl and that Jack was half in love with me: but we, Mrs. Jack and hil these years, and how miserable Jack would have been if, instead of the best two beet hadlers in the county, and when they decided that the best couldn't find her, and he finally gave it up as a ladder. The surface of the surface was a girl and that her would undertake to hive the bees with the couldn't find he

Squire Applegate then took a hand at it, but was no more successful than Job. They were the beat two bee handlers in the county, and when they decided that the bees could not be hived from the belfry, nobody else cared to undertake the job.

"We can git 'em off'n that belfry," said Hawksmith.when Applegate was on the ground again. "I'll take a pan o' sulphur up there on the inside and burn it. That'll drive 'em off."

The pan and the sulphur were furnished, and Hawksmith went with them up to the belfry. In less than five minutes he was back. The old fellow was greatly excled.

"It's nlumb full o' honey," boys," he cried, "What's full o' honey?" inquired a farmer who looked as if he thought Job's senses had suddenly escaped him.

"The belfry," replied Joe, "The belfry's fairly drippin' with it. I'm the worst fooled bee liner you ever looked at. I lined bees inter that air belfry three days steady an' didn't know it.

Squire Applegate went up to the belfry, and when he came back he corroborated Job's story. "It's chock full o' comb," said he.

"I'll'et there's 500 pounds o' honey up there."

It took Hawksmith and Applegate two days to clean out the belfry, and the crop of honey and comb that they secured weighed nearly 700 pounds. It is worth about \$125, and the proceeds of the sale will go into the exchequer of the church.

chequer of the church. BELP FOR FREED SLAVES.

European Governments Will Ald Mr. Chate-lain's Philanthropic Scheme, Mr. Heli Chatelain, the African linguist and ethnologist, who has been in Europe for some months in the interest of the Philafrican Liberator's League, has returned to New York. The chief purpose of his visit abroad was to learn if the various Governments would so far assist the league as to give it all the land is needs in their African possessions for founding stations where colonies of freed slaves may be settled and instructed in industrial arts and the elements of civilization by American teachers who are to be sent to them.

The league was organized in May last, and

many prominent citizens of New York are al-

ready identified with the movement. Ex-Postmaster-General Thomas L. James is treasurer, and among other gentlemen who are serving as directors or officers are ex-Judge Chas. P. Daly, Paul Du Chaillu, Louis Klopech, Fred R. Coudert, the Rev. Drs. L. T. Chamberlain, Josiah Strong, J. B. Burrell, W. H. P. Faunce,

R. Coudert, the Rev. Drs. L. T. Chamberlain, Josiah Strong, J. B. Burrell, W. H. P. Faunce, J. H. Edwards, W. F. Wilbert, and others.

Mr. Chatelain did not expect this summer to acquire any particular tracts of land, but merely to place the project before the various Governments, learn their disposition toward it and the prospect of their helpfulness. Among the officials with whom he conferred were those of the Colomia Office. London, the British South Africa Company, Sir H. H. Johnston, the British Commissioner in Nyassaland; the Department of the Colomis in Paris, Dr. Kayser, the head of the Colomis in Paris, Dr. Kayser, the head of the Colomis in Paris, Dr. Kayser, the head of the Colomis Secretary of State, and M. de Cuveher, Secretary-tieneral, of the Congo Independent various anti-slavery societies in these countries and in Switzerland.

It was the practical features of his plan for striking at the root of the evils of slavery and witcheraft and developing the natives along industrial and educational lines in colomies comparatively isolated from evil infinences, that secured the cooperation of many well-known men here, and the practicalility of the scheme has also commended it abroad, for the officials of the various European States who have to do with the African interests of their Governments have carefully examined the details of Mr. Chatelain's scheme and approved them. In other words, the men at the head of various British possessions, of the French Coogo, of the Congo Free State, of German East Africa, and other large regions regard his scheme as a practical plan for helping the cause of good government and civilization, and they have assured Mr. Chatelain that all the land he requires will be at his disposal and that they will facilitate his work in every way they can.

Mr. Chatelain will have no difficulty in acquiring rights to lands that he may regard as most favorable for the first station. Branches of the league are to be formed in other cites, and the Board of Directors will be stated.